

The Dome Effect

by GreviousPridakArbiter

Category: Halo, Mass Effect

Genre: Humor, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Cortana, Garrus V., Master Chief/John-117

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-03-07 23:52:41

Updated: 2014-03-07 23:52:41

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:51:26

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,000

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Comedy. Garrus Vakarian and the Master Chief get stuck inside a city inside a glass dome filled with dangerous movie and video game creatures. This is not a serious story.

The Dome Effect

Week Four under the domeâ€|

P.O.V Garrus Vakarian

It all had started out as a normal day. If any day was truly normal. The sun was shining there was the sound of some unfortunate Flood ridden outpost being overrun by piranha monkeys with chainsaws.

And I had to be investigating a Krogan stinky as a dump! And a Hippopotamus sized Asari.

"Officer!" Some one yelled which brought me from my musings.

"What is it now you filthy baboon," I told some weird alien lady that was blue.

"There was a human that killed three of my friends," This Asari, who was the same weird alien lady, said.

"I see," I said seeing her horrendous state of shock and termite full dress.

"You do, I can not see anything from here exceptâ€|" she started before she saw the pictures of the people I was investigating in my hand.

"AAHHEEEEE," she screamed in disgust at the dress or the pictures I could not tell. To stop her screaming I slapped her. After something started shimmering in the corner of my eye. It was a Xenomorph in

active-camo!

What the? Was my final thoughts, _Since when did Xenomorphs have active-camo? Actually I should be thinking since when do Xenomorphs exist at all? But then I digress._

The Xenomorph jumped at me ripping my head off and did an ear splitting scream of triumph. At least I think it ripped my head off. But then again I am still alive, oh well. The Asari started screaming and the Xenomorph took one look at her and just happened to see the pictures that had fluttered to the ground,

"AIIIEEEEEAAAAAIIAIAIAIA," it screamed, I didn't even know Xenomorphs could scream, and took off in the other direction from the pictures unfortunately the Asari was in the way and got trampled until she was flat as a pancake.

Three weeks laterâ€¦

"Week seven under the dome, the Flood outbreak has reached epic proportions, they have now overrun all the convenience stores of the mall especially the food stores where enormous blobs of blubber provided a ready if not quite willing food source.

Continuing on this line of thought the Xenomorph have officially overrun the nuclear power plant plunging the city into darkness along with the slim hopes of starting a meltdown to rid the city of these infections.

Only armed or extremely lucky citizens remain today the last of the stupid ones died today when the Solanum virus zombies overran the super-Wal-mart. The idiots had neglected to close the front door. Evidently they must have kept passing off the job to someone else until they all died.

On another slightly happier note, all the people that barricaded themselves in the fitness center were devoured by Rage zombies earlier this week, I think around Tuesday. The experts are still laughing at their self-righteousness.

The National Guard is still holding off the giant alien bugs that landed nearly five weeks before, but their ammo is dwindling.

But experts say that we have forestalled a alien invasion when the delegation that was sent down to ask for our surrender was eaten, devoured, assimilated, digested and shot in numerous horrifying ways.

The environmentalist outpost was overrun by the man eating plants that took root on the outskirts of the dome 3 weeks ago. It was quick and perfectly painful the experts say.

Our supply of experts has been dwindling as well only a couple hundred of them remain, down from five hundred two weeks ago.

As two weeks ago the expert survival center was overrun by Flood with rocket launchers. We still have no idea where the rocket launchers came from but top experts are working on this problem as we speak.

The cannibal rights rally was routed when the noise drew a horde of the alien insects down upon them effectively ridding us of these competitors for food.

The gun range continues to hold out against the zombie horde, it is only a matter of time before they get through the landmines on the south and east sides of the range then their will be lots of ketchup spilled. They are lucky up to this point that they have had to only deal with Rage and Solanum virus zombies and not the other more intelligent plagues.

Experts are still talking about what the outcome would have been like if the outbreaks had started when the range had not had its annual gun show."

Same day as news-reel

Master Chief P.O.V

Master Chief crept down the hallway. He heard voices speaking in a guttural language in a room which had a closed door. Master Chief slowly put his ear against the wall and then took two steps back and smashed through the wall sending Umbrella employees everywhere.

"Guttural?" He asked in confusion, "These are humans!"

One of the Umbrella personal turned the corner and opened up with a mini-gun. Master Chief side-stepped and grabbed it yanked it out of the idiot's hands and bashed his brains in with the still rotating mini-gun.

"Eat that, and that, that, and that!" Master Chief muttered in a loud way.

Another four Umbrella employees turned the corner armed with submachine-guns. Master Chief revved up his chainsaw and went to town. Four dismembered bodies later he stopped as he noticed something, "Why are there nine arms and only four bodies?"

Master Chief thought for a second then shrugged and turned and jumped out a window. Then he realized he was a hundred stories up.

"Oooooo," Master Chief said very uncharacteristically as he started to fall.

"Idiot with jetpack below, Chief," the sound of an Artificial Intelligence's voice, un-doubtably Cortana, came helpfully.

Master Chief angled himself just right and knocked the idiot out of the sky the jetpack cushioning his blow enough that he landed softly. Master Chief then stepped off the glorified Jell-O and made his way south.

End
file.